

P A R T I S
A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Filed
5

THE FORCE OF BEAUTY

P O E M

L TWO CANTOS.

By SAMUEL BOYCE.

Let Orders govern, or defend the State,

Plaid at the Bar, or manage a Debate;

Describe the Stars and planetary Way,

And trace the Footsteps of eternal Day;

Be this, my Muse, thy Pleasure and thy Care,

To Slave to Beauty, to record the Fair,

L. LANSDOWN

L O N D O N

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MDCCLV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author thinks it necessary to mention That, his sole Guide in the Execution of the following Poem has been the Poet's Conscience; and (as Adherence to a Profession, demanding the most Science-like Assiduity among the genteel Arts, has been an Obstacle to the furnishing his Mind with those Advantages attracted by perusing the Labours of Others) Nature has been his Instructress. He is well aware that Censure may alledge, The Subject is old; conscious of this, and of its Defects on his Part, he presents it to the World. Conscious of its Defects! (exclaims a Critic) Why then publish? To this 'tis answered, That to discern one's Failings is the first Ascent towards Perfection, and Circumstances will not always admit of Emendation: Business more consequential, which necessitated greatest Part of this Piece, to be written at Times when Fancy should have submitted to the Oblivion of Repose, rendered the bestowing on it the Gloss of Correction an Impossibility: This premised, Rigour itself may, perhaps, allow, Imagination was seldom indulged under greater Embarrassments. What Approbation, with which the Town has received his late important Pieces, he is almost certain their Generosity will extend to this; and, though some arraign them for Non-Indulgence, his Gratitude shall ever acknowledge their Applause has already as much exceeded his most sanguine Hopes, as his Conscience tells him it does his Merit.



* * This Pamphlet is enter'd in the HALL; and whoever pirates it will be prosecuted.

ERRATA.

Page 22, Line 21, in Part of this Edition, after imag'd there shd be Colon.
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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady CAROLINE BURDETT.

MADAM,

THERE was a Time (as those who are Judges in-
form me) when *Poetry* could command that Pro-
tection, nay even bestow that Honour, it is now indi-
spensably obliged to solicit; but your Ladyship has in
the present Instance given the World convincing Proof
that how much soever the GREAT may deviate in some
Points of *Taste*, yet even the faintest Dawn of *Genius*
may still meet with Encouragement in the Circle. Were
I a Writer of greater Note your Ladyship might be as
pleased to *Patronize* as I to *Inscribe*; but this Honour
conferred on One of so little Importance in the Literary
Way, can only be attributed to the Generosity of your
Disposition. Few like your Ladyship profess a Love for
the Sister-Arts, as Pomp and Grandeur are too power-
ful Pleaders to admit the Voice of Science to win their
Attention: Hence the *Muses* droop, and that Glow of
Soul which its all-wise Ordainer, perhaps, meant a Blef-
sing, often proves destructive to its Possessor: General
Applause may excite an Author, but Perseverance must
result from more essential Approbation.—I shall not, ac-
cording to the common Practice of Dedicators, pour
Adulation in your Ladyship's Ear: This to a Mind like
Yours must be affronting, and from me in particular

DEDICATION.

impertinent: Those who are intimate with your Ladyship proclaim your Excellencies; and my Description would be too faint to give Those who have not that Happiness an Idea of them.

As in some rural Prospects, where Cultivation never stretched its Arm, while the Sun brightens the diversified Scene, the mere Beauties of Nature often entertain the Sense; so in this Poem, though unimproved by Literature, yet enlightened by the Ray which your Ladyship has deigned to beam on it, Something may, perhaps, appear worthy the Favour of the Disinterested and Impartial: Whatever be its Fate, my highest Ambition is gratified, in having the Honour publicly to declare Myself,

With the utmost Respect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and devoted Servant,

SAMUEL BOYCE

P A R I S;

O R,

The Force of BEAUTY.

THE Force of Beauty, and the signal Hour
T When LOVE's great GODDESS eterniz'd her Pow'r;
HOW GRANDEUR, VALOUR, WISDOM, BEAUTY, strove
In brightest Charms, th' Ascendency to prove;
The spleen-sprung Motive, emulative Scene,
The JUDGE, the VANQUISH'D, and the Victor-QUEEN,
My Song proclaims! ----- Ye FAIR of *British* Birth!
Sweet Pride of ALBION! fam'd throughout the Earth!
Whom Nature stamps with ev'ry Grace refin'd,
To fix the Fancy, to exalt the Mind,
To sooth Content, repel the Shafts of Woe,
Insure us Heav'n, and lengthen Life Below;
Who bid the Patriot glow, the Warrior arm,
The Merchant traffic, and the Poet charm;
The Sister-Arts illumine our envy'd Isle,
And Merit beam its dignifying Smile;
For You! my Muse attunes her artless Lyre
Glow as you fan; exults as you inspire.
Blind to the Gleam that lights the Classic Lore,
Undestin'd at the Midnight Lamp to pore;
Whence Sons of Science catch th' impulsive Ray,
Like *Cynthia*, from the Monarch of the Day;

A Volunteer at youthful Fancy's Call,
 I court your Smiles, the Source, the End of all,
 Ye soft Enchanters! hear your Herald sing,
 Whom GREATNESS shelters with expanded Wing:
 Ye milder Judges! bless your Vot'ry's Cause,
 Smooth *Censure's* Brew, and bribe the World's Applause.

IN those far-distant Times, as Records say,
 When ALL acknowledg'd delegated Sway;
 When Pow'rs distinct, to favour or controul,
 Govern'd Vicegerents o'er th' united WHOLE,
 Then Jove, th' eternal Arbiter of All,
 Who but in Mandate rul'd this penfible Ball,
 To gentler Joys his mighty Heart inclin'd;
 Beauty usurp'd Dominion o'er his Mind,
 And taught the God each varied Form to wear,
 That charm'd the Fancy of each fav'rite Fair:
 Yet Jove no moral Lecture read to Earth,
 For Truth absconded at Enjoyment's Birth:
 At length Sincerity his Soul impress'd,
 And Virtue join'd the Passion in his Breast;
 THERIS, whose gentle Will the Waves obey,
 Chac'd from his Heart Variety away.
 Then soon as Sol reveals the Morning Light
 Vanquish'd are all the fainter Fires of Night.
 He, at whose Nod peal Thunders through the Sky,
 Vibrates the Earth, and livid Lightnings fly;
 Who bids Confusion through the Orbs be hurl'd,
 Or smiles on High, to cheer the nether World;
 Th' Imperial! now the God of Love subjects;
 He sees, adores; he wishes, and expects
 That Warmth which drinks from Fancy's Glow its Ray,
 And shed its Gleam ere Nature's primal Day;
 That taught crude Atoms to condense in One;
 Diffus'd through Life, and center'd in the Sun,
 The Monarch feels! — No artful Form he tries;
 A gen'rous Passion's Stranger to Disguise;
 THERIS he woos connubial Bliss to share,
 Not frown'd Reluctance in the Regal Fair:

She soothes with Hope th' Almighty Soul of Power,
 Wings ev'ry Thought, and raptures ev'ry Hour;
 And now Intent suggests the Nuptial Tie,
 To gain unrival'd Royalty on High;
 JOVE in his Heart feels sweeter Transports rise,
 And views th' immortal Queen with fonder Eyes;
 Responsive Pleasure shines in either Mien,
 When sudden Fate inverts the bright'ning Scene,
 To JOVE address'd! ----- PROMETHEUS, from his Cliff,
 Th' ETERNAL hail'd, and thus enforc'd Belief:
 Oh, Thou! whose just Decree I undergo,
 Link'd to this Rock of never-ceasing Woe,
 Lift' what from *Themis' Oracle* I've learn'd!

What Thou, OMNISCIENT, hast not yet discern'd,
 Thee I revere, tho' tortur'd by thine Ire;
 "The Son shall prove more pow'rful than the Sire
 Of THETIS born." ----- So breath'd the sacred Sound:
 While this he spake, JOVE heard with Brow profound;
 The Truths prophetic on his Mind imprest,
 And Love and Reason war'd within his Breast:
 That prompts the Pow'r a regal Right to assume,
 The Goddess wed, and joy her virgin Bloom;
 This bids him shun the Source of future Harms,
 Nor trust the dear Illusion of her Charms:
 At length 'tis fix'd; from Reason Passion flies;
 Kindness survives, but soft Sensation dies.
 PROMETHEUS, lo, thy Doom repeal'd! he cries,
 Thy Shackles break, to pristine Freedom rise;
 Thy Tyrant bleeds! ----- Swift, at the royal Word,
 ALCIDES shot th' unsatiated Bird;
 The God resigns, as *Zeus* of his Reign,
 And PELEUS wins the Empress of the Main.

YE Youths! to whom Love's tender Dart is known,
 Whose Soul indulges Meltings not its own,
 Touch'd with the trickling Smart, the Pang sincere,
 Tho' sweet, yet painful; and tho' soft, severe!
 What tho' th' Inspirer, conscious of her Sway,
 Joins With to With, uniting Ray with Ray,

Yet if some adverse Planet threat your Love,
 If Prudence speak what Passion disapproves,
 Oh, hear like Jove! the sacred Voice,
 And give to Fortune, whom you'd take by Choice.
 Nor you, ye Fair! the Disappointment grieve,
 Whose Heart, reluctant, whom it loves must leave;
 Shield pale Despondence from the blooming Cheek,
 Nor let the Look the secret Mind bespeak;
 Recall your Charms, relume the brilliant Eye,
 And lend Love's keener Lightning Wings to fly;
 Like THETIS, thus enkindling new Desire,
 Another Youth shall fan another Fire.

NOW FAME extends her silver Trump on High,
 PELEUS and THETIS, echo through the Sky;
 Thessalia's Plain's proclaim'd the Nuptial Scene,
 And HERMES hastes to bid the Pow'rs convene.
 The Gates of Heav'n unfold, the Skies divide;
 JOVE first descended, JUNO by his Side;
 MARS smooth'd his Front, remitting hostile Care,
 And daign'd take Honour to th' illustrious Pair;
 PALLAS, bright martial Maid! became a Guest,
 Her polish'd Cuirass glitt'ring on her Breast;
 VENUS appear'd, drawn by her cooing Doves,
 With CUPID, and a Band of little Loves;
 Then MOMUS came, and BACCHUS, ivy-crown'd;
 That much for Laughter; this for Wine renown'd:
 Next PAN approach'd, with all his sylvan Throng,
 True Sons of Mirth, of Music, Dance, and Song;
 CERES advanc'd, with blushing FLORA join'd,
 Adorn'd with various Sweets in Wreaths entwined.
 No more the savage Propet DIANA chid,
 But, with her vestal Tribe, th' Assembly grac'd;
 And NEPTUNE urg'd his Chariot o'er the Main,
 The Nymphs and Tritons laughing in his Train;
 While the glad Waves, as conscious of the Day,
 Just met to kiss, and mingling roll'd away;
 Earth, Ocean, smil'd; Sol shone with Rapture bright;
 Joy chear'd the Heart, and Pleasure charm'd the Sight.

No River God, no Nereid of the Floods;
 No rural Faun, nor Dryad of the Woods;
 No Pow'r within th' unlimited Domain
 Of JUPITER, but trod the festal Plain,
 Save DISCORD: ----- She, with Soul of Fiend-like Birth,
 Exil'd from Heav'n, nor less abhor'd on Earth,
 Unask'd was absent: ----- justly Prudence guess'd
 Her Presence noxious at a bridal Feast:
 Hence sprung Contention. ----- Where old Chaos keeps
 Its Reign primæval, midst Rocks, Wilds, and Steeps;
 Just Emblem of her ever-jarring Mind,
 Where Vapours dank, and horrid Glooms combin'd;
 Through which she steams her pestilential Breath,
 That putrifies the Air, and wings with Death;
 That bids sweet Peace her Olive Branch let fall,
 And savage War depopulate the Ball;
 Curst Faction float its native Land with Gore,
 And golden Commerce fly th' affrighted Shore:
 There brooding DISCORD mourn'd her destin'd Lot!
 Excluded, slighted, hated, and forgot;
 Her glaring Eyes her inward Rage exprest,
 And mad'ning 'rose her Genius in her Breast;
 In Wish she blasts the Joys th' Immortals share,
 As faded Maidens curse the wedded Fair;
 Scheme rush'd on Scheme to damp their genial Mirth,
 When, Lo! her ultimate Device had Birth;
 To rouse the FAIR at Self-affection's Call,
 And fan through them, Dissention's Flame in All;
 HYMEN just bound th' indissoluble Tie;
 Just had th' Acclaim of Joy transpierc'd the Sky,
 When DISCORD, imperceptible to View,
 Her signal Apple mid' the Circle threw:
 Radiant as those which ATALANTA brib'd,
 The missive Gold, the PRIZE was thus inscrib'd:
 THIS LET THE FAIREST TAKE. ----- As when the Swains
 At Summer's Dawn assembled on the Plains,
 Some blooming Maid, their rural Queen to move,
 Whose Soul is Innocence, whose Look is Love,

Round the Wreath'd-Pole in mirthful Mood advance,
 Urge active Feats, or join in sprightly Dance;
 If chance th' inspiring Nymph a Smile impart,
 And thus exult: "One Shepherd wins my Heart,"
 Each Youth already deems the Fair possest,
 And conscious Merit plumes in ev'ry Breast.
 So ev'ry Goddess thought the PRIZE her Right,
 And saw her Beauty in Ambition's Light;
 Believ'd her Excellence Dispute might end,
 And look'd Disdain on Those who dar'd contend:
 Debate ran high, Festivity expir'd,
 And blushing Pleasure with a Frown retir'd.
 But as th' opposing Winter yields to Spring,
 That bids the Meads re-smile, the Groves re-sing,
 So, with just Defence to superior Claim,
 At length the Goddesses relinquish Fame,
 To JUNO, PALLAS, or the QUEEN OF LOVE:
 These, fix'd as Fate, in Emulation strove.
 When thus the awful Empress of the Sky:
 "Can Jove this Conflict view with patient Eye?
 Are Charms like mine in silent Doubt conceal'd?
 Proclaim the Conquest; bid th' Inferior yield."
 Jove pensive heard the Sov'reign-like Request;
 Reluctant, thus his Sentiments address;
 "Illustrious RIVALS, Deities supreme
 Partial might our Determination seem.
 Two Principles construct the Female Soul,
 An Axis each to th' agitating Whole;
 Round these, eccentric, Hopes, Fears, Wishes, move,
 One Pride inate, and one contracted Love:
 When e'er some soft Desire the Bosom breeds,
 And, issuing forth, the fancy'd Form succeeds,
 Then *This* revolving each Idea cheers,
 And rapt in Extacy the Fair appears.
 But if Repulse the fond Excursion meet,
 And, sadly baulk'd, the Hope-wing'd Wish retreat,
 Then *That* with instant Revolution turns,
 The Passions rage, and all the Female burns.

All model'd thus, whom Gods or Men revere;
 A Woman's Woman, whatso'er her Sphere.
 Hence, tho' transcendent Charms due Honour gain,
 Yet Disappointment wou'd the Judge arraign.
 Where *Ida* lifts her Summit to the Skies,
 As o'er the lesser Mountains proud to rise,
 A Shepherd dwells, of more exalted Kind;
 Graceful his Form, nor un-adorn'd his Mind;
 Youth blooms his Face, yet Sense expands his Fame,
 Love warms his Bosom, *PARIS* is his Name.
 If some coy Fair her fix'd Adorer wrong,
 Whose Pipe is mute, whose Voice neglects its Song;
 If some false Heart a melting Nymph betray,
 Who, fondly ruin'd, sighs her Soul away;
 If rival Youths affect some gentle Maid,
 Each Friend to each, and Love with Love repaid;
 If wand'ring Flocks distress the peaceful Swain,
 Or Variance kindle through the sylvan Train;
 All haste to him; whose Skill surmounts his Years;
 His Voice determines, as his Counsel cheers:
 To him, fair Glory's Candidates! away;
 Him I depute the Umpire of the Day!
 Bright *MARA*'s Offspring! Thou the Fruit receive;
 This, with our great Behest, to *PARIS* give:
 Charge him, inspect, with neutral Ray, intent,
 Each Fair Celestial, panting for th' Event;
 And to that Goddess, whose excelling Pow'r
 Compells at once to wonder and adore,
 Whose Beauty, beaming with unrivall'd Light,
 Attracts his Soul, and captivates his Sight,
 Resign the PRIZE. ——— This let his Candour prove,
 And act as fits the Delegate of Jove."
 The Queens submissive, for th' Essay prepare,
 And mount their Chariots with important Air;
 By *HERMES* usher'd, now aloft they fly,
 Through Æther steer, and wheel along the Sky;
 Less swift fierce Vultures cut the liquid Way;
 Not swifter wings the Lightning's rapid Ray;

Now

Now Fancy views 'em luminous afar;
 Less, and still less, each Empyrean Car;
 Now Clouds involve 'em! ——— Check rash Muse the Rein,
 Thy Sight's eluded, and th' Excursion vain:
 Before th' *Idalian* Mount the BEAUTIES grace
 Be PARIS sung, the Youth of regal Race;
 His high Descent, his mystic Life relate,
 A Prince by Fortune, but a Swain by Fate.

Compress'd by PRIAM, DIMAS' * filial Joy, * *King of Thrace;*
 Fair HECUBA, conceiv'd the lovely Boy:
 Yet while an Embrio in the Womb he lay,
 His little Heart just warm'd with Life's first Ray;
 When Fancy rules the teeming Parent's Mind,
 And passive Nature, to her Pow'r resign'd,
 Works on herself, as she suggests adheres,
 And sadly soothes the Phantoms of her Fears;
 Then HECUBA, enwrap'd in Sleep profound,
 While Night's meridian Horrors gloom'd around,
 A Dream surpriz'd; and, obvious to her Sight,
 Her offspring show'd, *A Torch of blazing Light,*
 The vision'd-Birth deep on her Spirits prey'd;
 Her Bosom throbb'd for more than human Aid;
 She, lost to Peace, with Terror in her Thought,
 Before the sacred *Tripod* Counsel sought;
 And su'd the Voice divine her Dream r'unfold.
 Responsive, thus the future Truths were told:
 "Thy promis'd Son his Country shall destroy,
 Cause Wars to ravage, Flames demolish *Troy*."
 Th' afflicted Queen indulg'd the heaving Sigh,
 Dread chill'd her Heart, and Sorrow dim'd her Eye:
 All sweetly sad, and eloquent in Tears,
 She breath'd the harsh Decree in PRIAM's Ears:
Troy's Genius fan'd the Spark of Patriot Flame,
 His Country's Love repell'd the softer Claim;
 Tho' tender Passion taught his Heart to melt,
 The Monarch stifled what the Parent felt:
 His Queen he cheer'd, and when the Child was born,
 The Mother's Pity, but the Father's Scorn, 'Twas

'Twas doom'd to Death, by *Archelaus's* Hand;
 His Sov'reign spoke; He bow'd to the Command;
 This Charge recall'd fair *HECUBA's* Dismay;
 Nature not there was torn so soon away;
 Without the Joy, she knew a *Mother's* Smart,
 And with maternal Fondness ach'd her Heart;
 The trickling Tears reveal'd her Soul forlorn,
 As pearly Dew-drops indicate the Morn;
 Does this, she cry'd, reward my pregnant Pain?
 Ah, why so kind *Lucina*, since in vain?
 Sweet smiling Infant, just alive to die!
 Oh, shed, ye Gods, Compassion from the Sky!
 She su'd in private *Archelaus's* Ear,
 The Chief whose Name inspir'd the Trump of Fear,
 In War all-dreadfull, as in Peace resign'd,
 His Aspect martial, but humane his Mind,
 In secret audienc'd, thus her Suit began:
 Shall guiltless Blood attaint a gallant Man?
 Forbid it Heav'n! ----- Oh, born the Lance to wield,
 Wife in the Camp, and glorious in the Field,
 Deign in a Woman's Cause the Palm to wear!
 When prov'd the Brave ungen'rous to the Fair?
 Thou hadst a Mother! ----- From her first Embrace,
 Just as her Eyes had wanton'd o'er thy Face,
 Hadst thou been torn, to lose thy Life's small Pow'r,
 The same thy natal and thy mortal Hour,
 Judge what her Pangs had been! then picture mine,
 And ward th' impending Fate! ----- Life, Death, is thine!
 Touch'd was the Chief his Kindness to impart,
 Nor had his Mail repell'd Compassion's Dart;
 For Pity's ever with true Courage join'd.
 Th' intrepid Warriour thus disclos'd his Mind:
 The destin'd Purpose of our Monarch's Soul
 Nor Pray'r can mitigate, nor Pow'r controul;
 But by this Sword, this victor Sword! I swear,
 Which *Peace* respects, and bold Invaders fear,
 The Prince shall live! ----- Let that my Queen appease;
 Death shall in foreign Features *PRIAM* please.

Unconscious of his Throne, or royal Sire,
 Below all Greatness, yet above Desire;
 Where Nature reigns, recess'd in calm Content,
 There shall the Prince, an Orphan Charge, be sent:
 Thus one mild Tenor may his Life employ,
 And Fate revoke the threaten'd Doom of Troy.
 As soft *Aurora*, shedding orient Day,
 Diverts the Gloom, and drives the Night away;
 So Sounds like these, through *HECUBA*'s fond Ear,
 Cheer her sad Soul, and banish her Despair:
 Had not the *Oracle* impell'd her Fear,
 Parting had seem'd ev'n more than Death severe;
 But Sorrow oft' inverts itself to Joy;
 To part was sweet, since Life wou'd bless her Boy:
 Reflection there parental Anguish eas'd,
 And all the Mother in the Queen was pleas'd.
 She thank'd the Chief; but faint her Thanks express
 The Gratitude that panted in her Breast.
 Submiss withdrew th' Imparter of Relief,
 Glad at her Joy, as sadden'd at her Grief:
 His gen'rous Heart fulfill'd his sworn Intent,
 And to the sylvan Throng the Babe was sent.
 Th' *Idalian* Swains the little Foundling lov'd,
 And ev'ry Nymph its Foster-Mother prov'd;
PARIS they nam'd him, watch'd his infant Day,
 And led his rip'ning Years in Virtue's Way:
 Unconscious of his Rank; they taught his Mind
 The earliest Labours of the rural Kind:
 'Twas his, when Morning op'd its saffron Eyes,
 Till *Hesper* twinkled in the dusky Skies,
 The Scrip replete, and studded Crook to bear;
 To 'tend the Herds, and guard the fleecy Care.
 Soon bright Perfection in the Boy was seen,
 Fair was his Aspect, comely was his Mien;
 And sick'ning Nymphs confess'd Love's tender Dart,
 But most *OENONE* triumph'd in his Heart;
 Yet ev'ry Grace, that spoke his Form refin'd,
 Seem'd faint to th' Emanation of his Mind,

This to the Sense disclos'd inherent Worth;
 That to the Eye reveal'd superior Birth.
 Each rural Sage, whom Years had render'd Wise,
 Vers'd in the Glebe, and studious of the Skies,
 Saw in the Youth, in Life's uncertain Prime,
 Proficient Nature equal Art and Time;
 And such mature Abilities explor'd,
 That whom at first they pitied, they ador'd.

End of the First Canto.



CANTO the Second.

OW Heav'n-born, Muse! thy sacred Succour bring;
 N Refume the Theme which tun'd thy Voice to sing;
 In my rapt Soul infuse the Warmth of thine,
 And lend my Fancy's Paintings Light to shine.

Where milky Flocks in Gambols sport around,
 Where varied Beauties deck the smiling Ground,
 Where aromatic Incense fills the Sky,
 And all the Prospect wins th' enraptur'd Eye;
 The Grass his Couch, his Canopy a Tree,
 Now, on yon Cloud-topt Summit, PARIS See!
 Hark, from his Reed what soft'nings Sounds aspire!
 The melting Measures hush the feather'd Choir;
 To catch his sweeter Notes they croud each Spray,
 And list'ning hear their little Souls away:
 Through vocal Air the Strains mellifluous fly,
 The Streams re-eccho, and the Hills reply.
 And now, descending through the wide Expanse,
 All radiant, lo, the heav'nly Train advance!
 The Car-prest Clouds sink circling tow'rd the Ground;
 A Flood of Glory pours the Scene around:
 Now the gay Chariots print th' enamel'd Green,
 And now alights each Heart-exulting Queen.

As

As when a Meteor, streaming Æther through,
 Attracts some Sage's unsuspecting View;
 Tho' conscious Virtue bid to Fear controul,
 Yet Wonder sheds a Tremor o'er his Soul;
 So PARIS, tho' in Innocence array'd,
 The seeming Vision, tranc'd in Awe, survey'd.
 Down drops the Reed from out his trembling Hands,
 He starts, Dread chills him, motionless he stands!
 When MERC'RY thus address: ----- Oh, Youth renown'd,
 With Wit enlighten'd, and with Judgment crown'd;
 By Friendship valu'd, dear to Beauty's Eye,
 So lov'd on Earth, so honour'd from on High!
 Dismiss thy Fears, these rival Queens survey,
 Nor dream of Danger in such bright Array!
 HERMES am I! 'tis mine, through Realms of Air,
 The sacred Mandates of the Gods to bear;
 I cleave the Sky at JUPITER's Decree,
 And now I come his Substitute to Thee.
 While bridal Joys late charm'd th' immortal Pow'rs,
 And Mirth and Rapture 'wak'd the laughing Hours,
 DISCORD, whose Thoughts the Balm of Peace disdain,
 Who feels no Bliss but in Another's Pain,
 This *Apple*, for the brightest Goddess meant,
 To kindle Strife, and nurture Discontent,
 Amidst th' Assembly hurl'd! ----- Joy fled the Place,
 And ev'ry Fair was robb'd of ev'ry Grace;
 'Twas Contest all! ----- at length, Reflection's Beam
 Eclips'd Self-love, and These were own'd Supreme:
 But which Supreme of These must thou explore!
 JOVE spake the Word, and Contest was no more.
 Shepherd, inspect, with neutral Ray intent,
 Each Fair Celestial panting for th' Event;
 And to that Goddess whose excelling Pow'r
 Compells at once to wonder and adore;
 Whose Beauty, beaming with unrivall'd Light,
 Attracts thy Soul, and captivates thy Sight,
 Resign the PRIZE! ----- This let thy Candour prove,
 And act as fits the Delegate of JOVE.

No more he spoke. ——— The Youth the glitt'ring Prize
 Receives with Mien submissive, and thus replies:
 And am I then, an humble lowly Swain,
 Whom Nature dooms the Tenant of the Plain;
 Whose Sense but from her Spring its Maxims draws,
 Am I thought adequate to judge this Cause?
 He bids who knows; hence Diffidence away,
 'Tis Jove commands, and PARIS must obey;
 A secret Pride my artless Bosom fires,
 And he who dignifies at once inspires.
 But as the Rose amidst encircling Flow'rs,
 In fragrant Vales, or amaranthine Bow'rs,
 May for awhile, tho' beauteous o'er the Rest,
 Bloom to the seeking Organ unconfest,
 Singly be try'd each fair Assertor's Claim!
 Hear this, ye lovely Candidates of Fame!
 And, lest Deception look with Truth's clear Eye,
 And Art with Nature proudly hope to vie,
 Let ev'ry Goddess, patent to the Day,
 Each Robe-hid Charm, each secret Grace display:
 The Cloud-cast Sun no Gleam of Joy inspires,
 And Beauty scorns what Vanity requires.
 He said.

When JUNO, dignify'd in Mien,
 As Rank ordain'd, before each other Queen
 Advanc'd: imperial Pomp adorn'd her Face,
 And God-like Grandeur glow'd in ev'ry Grace:
 A radiant Crown the awful Empress wore;
 Her snowy Hand a silver Scepter bore;
 Her spreading Ringlets shot the Di'mond's Light;
 Her Robe, was all magnificently bright:
 That Robe, which now expanding to the View,
 Reveal'd those Charms the Thund'rer only knew:
 In naked Majesty the Goddess shone;
 She wav'd her Scepter'd Hand and thus begun;
 Shepherd, attend! 'tis JUNO's Voice you hear,
 Jove's kindred Consort! great without Compeer!
 I rule his Heart who rules through boundless Space,
 Then judge how blest'd who lives in JUNO's Grace;

So may'st thou live; for such is Jove's Decree,
 That JUNO waits her Destiny from Thee:
 She! too elate in Pow'r, too high of Soul,
 To pardon Insult, or to brook controul.
 As the pale Orb, that cheers the Noon of Night,
 To Phæbus in meridian Splendor bright;
 As ev'ry Star that gilds the blue Serene;
 Compar'd to *Cynthia*, Night's sweet silver Queen;
 So faint to me these bold Opposers shine;
 With Beauty destin'd but a Foil to mine.
 Think not the PRIZE I'd have thee yet impart,
 No; — partial Verdict injures true Desert.
 The Wreath of Glory be by Conflict gain'd;
 Poor is the Conquest easily obtain'd:
 Then let each Rival full Resistance make,
 Left Folly blush not at its own Mistake;
 Yet what They offer, PARIS, disregard;
 They mean to bribe Thee, I but to reward.
 If Wealth allure Thee, if Ambition fire,
 If Grandeur shine the Object of Desire,
 Which ever glows within thy Soul supreme,
 I'll fan its Light, and teach that Light to beam;
 Or shoud' they all incite thy secret Sighs,
 Know, in a Monarch, thou to all shalt rise!
 I'll snatch Thee, Shepherd, from degrading Fate,
 And lift Thee high, pre-eminently Great;
 Thy Hand shall stretch a Scepter o'er the Ball,
 And at thy Nod shall Kingdoms rise or fall;
 For Thee the Mine shall teem, the Seas shall roll,
 And Commerce spread her Wings from Pole to Pole;
 Pomp and Magnificence shall round Thee shine,
 And Glory brighten ev'ry Act of thine.

Thus JUNO spoke, with Conquest in her Eye;
 Thus Beauty's JUDGE, yet doubtful, made reply:

Did my fond Thoughts on Schemes of Greatness roll,
 Did Vanity's false Glare illude my Soul,
 Thy

Thy Words, Oh, Goddess, such Reward proclaim,
 The Man wou'd sink, and all the Monarch flame!
 But, taught the Voice of Nature to prefer,
 My Bosom still beats consonant to her.
 From Kings imperial to the meanest Slave,
 Th' Eternal Cause responsive Passions gave;
 In ev'ry Soul they prompt the same Respect,
 Alike in Name, tho' various in Effect:
 If PAN benignant blest my floccy Care,
 I crave no more, my Wealth is center'd there;
 If by my Heart Ambition's understood,
 I feel its Glow, the Pride of being good;
 Survey the flow'ry Lawns, the chequer'd Shades,
 Rocks, Rills, Floods, Fountains, Grottos, Groves, and Glades;
 Behold how SOL, now tow'ring up the Skies,
 Bright, and more bright, bids ev'ry Prospect rise!
 I This all Grandeur artlessly define;
 Still be in this Degree these Blessings mine.
 JOVE forms the Mind of Man to suit its State;
 Happy in that, Disunion were its Fate.
 What Nature craves kind Providence supplies,
 Joy to the Sense, and Pleasure to the Eyes;
 Bids the Earth teem with vegetative Care,
 The full Bud blossom, and the Blossom bear,
 The vital Spirit warm through Land, Air, Flood;
 And shall the Heart with more Ingratitude!
 Ah, what avail the Pageantries of State!
 Care still finds Entrance at the regal Gate;
 Dulls the high Mind, with pale Reflection fraught,
 And draws its sable Curtain o'er the Thought;
 Silent in Grief, it looks with Flattery's Eye,
 While the sad Heart gives Dignity the Lye.
 Plume, Competency, o'er my Soul thy Wing!
 There let the Bird of sweet Contentment sing!
 And long as Heav'n this Blessing shall dispense,
 May yon submissive Flocks own me their Prince!
 This humble Crook my Scepter be confess,
 And Peace the Diadem within my Breast!

While

While Fancy's-self shall bound my Empire's Scene;
 Already loyal to a fav'rite Queen.
 Nor deem it Insult, Goddess, I decline
 Thy Honours, be my Heart's warm Tribute thine:
 The same thy Goodness in th' Intent as giv'n;
 The same my Duty to the Queen of Heav'n.
 Partial's the Judge by future Favour bought,
 Indiff'rence only acts the Thing it ought;
 And Justice, pregnant with its own Reward,
 Demands that nought but Beauty meet Regard.
 The Shepherd spoke.

Then PALLAS, fierce array'd,
 Whom VULCAN summon'd from the Thund'rer's Head,
 Approach'd: tho' martial Prowess arm'd her Look,
 Yet with a mild Complacency she spoke:
 Thou Arbitrator of this glorious Cause,
 Whose Hand shall sanctify supreme Applause,
 By what Criterion's Beauty to be known?
 Reason replies "Each Fancy forms its own."
 Hence, tho' this Frame War's dreaded Ensigns bear;
 Tho' Olive-twin'd this golden Helm I wear;
 Arm'd with the Lance, and blazing Gorgon Shield,
 That glares terrific in the hostile Field;
 Ev'n in this Form, as in this open Face,
 Beauty may shine with no inferior Grace:
 Bright in the Eye, and blooming on the Cheek,
 It wins th' Effeminate, and charms the Weak;
 Through diff'rent Optics views th' exalted Soul,
 Whose Plaudit waits the corresponding Whole:
 Such to her Sense MINERVA pictures Thee;
 Th' apparent Semblance may Reflection see!
 If by the Pile th' internal Pomp's defin'd,
 If the Deportment indicate the Mind,
 Sure Thou wert meant to brighten, and aspire,
 To mount in Fame, and bid the World admire!
 Tho' Fortune's Gloom impede thy promis'd Day,
 MINERVA's Pow'r shall chase the Mist away;

Exalt thy Name, irradiate thy Renown,
In Danger guard Thee, and with Honours crown.
In War's Career, when adverse Legions rage,
While Sword with Sword, and Lance with Lance engage;
When *Vict'ry* hovers o'er each Host in Air,
And doubtfull Chiefs to PALLAS breathe the Pray'r;
I give my fav'rite Hero to succeed;
Lead on, and Conquest follows where I lead!
Then round his Brow the Wreaths of Triumph twine,
And through the Mortal bid th' Immortal shine:
Peace waits his Steps; all gloriously he comes!
Sweet sound the Trumps, and gladsome beat the Drums;
No more the Trump evinces War's Alarms;
No more the Drum sonorous beats to Arms!
Now softer Musick gives to Rapture Birth,
Earth tells it Heav'n, and Heav'n responds to Earth,
While Banners, late unfurling with Dimmay,
Court the loose Gales, and with the Zephyrs play.
" This, This is He! the Voice of Freedom cries,
Tho' mighty gen'rous; and tho' dauntless wife!"
The Priests advance, the festal Lays begin,
And ev'ry Bosom lets the Conqu'ror in;
While the glad Ios, pealing through the Sky,
Swell his full Heart, and lift his Soul on High.
Gives JUNO Honour adequate to This?
No: ----- mine's eternal, her's but tranfient Bliss.
My Victor props the Basis of a Throne;
Then what's her King? ---- A Man to rule alone:
Death calls, Pomp leaves him, and his Glory dies;
Another Pageant charms the Plebeian Eyes:
The rising Column, and the breathing Bust,
May mark his Tomb, and consecrate his Dust;
Yet Wisdom tells what Prudence wou'd conceal,
Not Duty this, tis but politic Zeal:

Yet grant it Duty, whence, Oh, King! thy Praise?
To merit this, how pass'd thy regal Days?
Perhaps in Indolence: th' exerting Mind
Suits not the Throne, 'tis fatal to Mankind;
Hence Feuds foment, hence Factions rend a State,
While These grow warm with Love, and Those with Hato:
Th' inactive Monarch hear all Lands commend!
Cowards may govern what the Brave defend.
Lov'd by each Heart, which no Compulsion sways,
Dear to each Eye, which no mean Homage pays,
The Hero shines! ----- To his great Soul tis giv'n
T' assert the Love, or urge the Wrath of Heav'n;
To cherish Liberty, insure the Crown,
Protect the Good, or pull the Tyrant down,
Tho' Demi-Gods his kindred Soul invite
To quit its Clay, and mount the Realms of Light,
He still exists, in Records that surpass
Th' indented Stone, or monumental Brass!
This rusts with Age, Time moulders that away,
But can th' embosom'd Fabrick know Decay?
No: ---- Imag'd there: the Hero's sure to stand,
God-like to Mem'ry, through a grateful Land: --
No regal Structure this, for Falshood known,
Rais'd by th' Intent the Heart shon'd blush to own:
'Tis Friendship's Shrine, inherent Love its Base,
Where Glory speaks the Deeds from Race to Race.
Without all Rev'ence, as all Truth within,
By his serv'd Country in Idea seen;
The Hero transmigrates from Sire to Son;
Nor Fate destroys what Gratitude begun.
Auspicious Youth! acknowledge this divine
And instant, rise adopted Son of mine.
But if to milder Greatness thou'rt inclin'd,
As various Views impell the various Mind,
Know over Arts as over Arms I reign,
And Science hails me, Queen of its Domain!

'Tis I excite through Nature's Tracts to pry,
 And drink Experience with the mental Eye;
 Wide round the World bid Observation roam,
 Or traverse the terraqueous Globe at Home;
 I spread the mystic Volume of the Skies,
 And give th' Explorer Sanction to be wise;
 While Wonder's Clouds erroneous wing their Flight,
 And Truth conspicuous bursts upon his Sight,
 Teach him of chang'd Effects the Source to tell,
 And call fair Knowledge from her secret Cell.
 O'er Sea, o'er Earth, extends my potent Aid,
 And Incense rises to the blue-ey'd Maid.
 When Winds, as warring for Destruction, roar,
 And rushing Surges rock th' incumber'd Shore,
 What Pow'r directs the Bark its Way to form,
 Ride o'er the Billows, and deceive the Storm?
 'Tis mine.—— When Revolution threatens a State,
 And o'er some Realm impends the Gloom of Fate;
 The sov'reign Mind to Sov'reignty a Prey,
 And Subject whisp'ring Subject's Peace away;
 What Pow'r can prop th' endanger'd Kingdom's Fall,
 Reclaim Diffension, and enliven All?
 'Tis mine.—— I prompt the Patriot's filial Voice;
 He speaks, and speaking hears the Land rejoice
 With ev'ry Art of Elocution blest,
 He points the Good, and Murmur sinks to Rest;
 Again Content embosoms in the Isle,
 And ev'n Rebellion smiles, or seems to smile.
 Thus Wisdom urges Happiness to Birth,
 As Heav'n-dropt Dews inspire the genial Earth.
 How savage Man devoid of my Controul!
 How wou'd his Passions war against his Soul!
 Mine the soft Chain licentious Will that binds;
 Mine the soft Voice that wins on gentle Minds;
 And mine the Plaudit that Reflection loves,
 When o'er himself the Man a Conqueror proves.
 To merit all my Pow'r, the Prize resign;
 T' invest the Giver with that Pow'r, be mine.

But

But if disarm'd this Form must *now* be seen,
 Conceive not, Swain, the Fortrefs weak within;
 From this fair Bosom, lo, this Cuirass freed!
 Now, for itself let silent Beauty plead!
 By me your Genius speaks:----- Oh, PARIS, rise
 The mighty Hero, or the mighty Wife!

MINERVA ended:----- and impatient burn'd;
 When Reason, in the Shepherd's Voice, return'd:

Who breathe this humble Air, estrang'd to Courts,
 Where wild Ambition reigns, and Fortune sports,
 Care not what Nations rise to War and Noise,
 While *This* destroying *That* itself destroys:
 And tho' my Heart its native Climate prize,
 And supplicate *Troy's* Welfare of the Skies,
 Yet trust me, Goddess, I'm too calm of Mind
 To wish myself the Slayer of Mankind.
 Say, can the Warriour boast one tranquil Hour?
 Does no mysterious Vision awe his Pow'r?
 Does ne'er Reflection midst his Triumphs rise,
 To sting the Wretch who spurns at Nature's Ties?
 Who fir'd by Pride, or urg'd by Thirst of Gain,
 Some kingly Vanity, some hop'd Domain,
 Cuts off his Image who the Being gave,
 Whose great peculiar Attribute's to save?
 Can his fond Country pay him with its Love,
 As Praise Below may not be Praise Above?
 I envy not th' Exultings in his Breast
 For Armies slaughter'd, and for Realms distrest;
 By me such Triumphs wou'd be unenjoy'd,
 My Heart wou'd pity whom my Hand destroy'd.
 Tho' charm'd not by the Trumpet's silver Strain,
 Unus'd to Sounds that fire the martial Train,
 Yet Heav'n who suits our Pleasures to our Sphere,
 And bids Sensation know its just Barrier,
 Gives Melody that sung to Man the Art,
 To wake my Ear, and animate my Heart;

Musick that first taught Nature to rejoice,
 And hymn'd the great Creator with its Voice:
 Soon as *Aurora* darts th' enlivening Ray,
 Up mounts the Lark, and hails the new-born Day;
 The feather'd Nations hear their Herald's Call,
 Each sings to each, and Eccho answers All:
 At Noon, when *Phæbus* in the Zenith reigns,
 And languid Nature pants around the Plains,
 Tho' mute the Birds, still Musick sooths the Hour;
 Screen'd in the Grott', or shelter'd in the Bow'r,
 The rural Reed, or Love-concerted Lay,
 Diverts the Fancy, wears the Time away:
 At Eve, when western Clouds refulgent glow,
 And *Phæbe* dawns to light the World below,
 Then pours sweet *Philomel*, through dulcet Throat,
 The musically, melancholy, Note;
Tereus she mourns, all lonely on a Thorn,
 While Turtles coo a soft Farewell till Morn:
 Rills purl, Brooks murmur, babbling Riv'lets creep,
 To hush my Thoughts, and lull my Sense asleep:
 Ev'n Sleep is here by Harmony refin'd,
 I slumber to the Musick of my Mind:
 Long be the Slumbers of the Peaceful mine;
 The mighty Hero, Goddess, I decline.
 Nor pants my Heart for scientific Lore:
 When much is known, that Knowledge thirsts for more:
 Like *Tantalus*, the Mind of Science vain,
 Incessant toils for what it can't obtain.
 The Lamp of Sense, that glows in ev'ry Breast,
 Nature illumes, that Man may stand confest;
 That Good and Ill may to his Soul be known;
 His Int'rest pointed, but the Choice his own,
 To light the ductile Thought Life's Sea to run,
 What Haven covet, and what Rocks to shun:
 Yet oft' when Science sheds its op'ning Day,
 This Beam instinctive vanishes away:
 At Pride's first Glance th' Irradiation dies,
 And Folly triumphs o'er the mighty Wise;

Still may I view that Light unsully'd shine;
 Still be the Test of rural Knowledge mine.
 Ye Sons of Learning! court the World's Applause;
 Ye Warriours, Patriots! fire in Freedom's Cause;
 Be yours whate'er aspiring Spirits claim,
 Eternal Rapture, and eternal Fame!
 And while you soar, with emulative Zeal,
 And give to kindred Minds the Warmth you feel,
 In humbler Life your Virtues I'll revere;
 To rise I wish not: nor Depression fear,
 In Truth's clear Mirror, bounteous Queen, I see
 Thy Blessings would reverse their Name with me;
 Yet, not unduteous, thou my Thanks receive;
 The sole Return Sincerity can give;
 For One celestial Claimant's yet untry'd
 Beauty must win, and Justice must decide;
 Thus He.

When **VIRGIL**, sweet as dawning Day,
 Fair as the Bosom of the milky Way;
 Like Nature in her Summer Pride display'd,
 Came on: --- in magic Loveliness array'd;
 Her glossy Ringlets, of the auburn brown,
 With graceful Waves, flow'd negligently down;
 The Loves and Graces, duteous to their Queen,
 Smil'd in her Face, and wanton'd in her Mien;
 Her Eyes were taught in lambent Flames to speak;
 Young Joy sat laughing on her crimson Cheek;
 And Rapture on her snowy Breast was seen,
 That heaving whisper'd 'twas not Snow within.
 Th' ambrosial Veil of various Texture loom'd,
 The Zephyrs fan'd, and th' ambient Air perfum'd;
 Richly bedight the silken Vestment shone,
 And loosely girded was her sacred Zone:
 Round which gay Cupids sportively advanc'd,
 Liv'd in the Work, and like young Cherubs danc'd;
 Within were stor'd the Charms of Love and Youth,
 Enticing Cunning, and insuring Truth;

Each female Artifice, each soft'ning Wile,
 Smile chearing Hope, and Hope reviving Smile;
 With all that dignifies the Sex, divine!
 And bows the World to Beauty's sacred Shrine.
 Th' accomplish'd Queen, with conscious Merit fir'd,
 Awhile stood silent as the JUDGE admir'd;
 Saw in his Looks the Blush of Wonder rise,
 And read her future Conquest in his Eyes;
 Then with a Voice, whose modulated Flow
 Induc'd the Musick of the Spheres below,
 While silent Life seem'd rapt in Joy around,
 And breathing Nature open'd to the Sound,
 Sweet sylvan Swain! she cries, Oh, blooming Boy,
 Thou comeliest Youth among the Youths of Troy,
 Of proffer'd Honours how discreet thy Scorn!
 No. — Thou to wear the Wreaths of Love wert born,
 Its Pow'r to vindicate, its Dart to wield;
 A bold Advent'rer in fair Beauty's Field,
 And Victor-like, conspicuously be seen
 Beneath the Banner of the *Paphian* Queen.
 While Jove indulges Life to Man Below,
 Say, from what Source Felicity must flow:
 Ambition claims the Diadem of Pow'r,
 Scholastic Pride wou'd Heav'n and Earth explore,
 And Cruelty adores the slaught'ring Scene,
 While Self-Delusion boasts a God within:
 But, Oh, as soon the Doves that coo and bill,
 And yok'd in yon gay Chariot, wait my Will,
 Shall Vultures turn, and Love's soft Ties reject,
 As Joys so false a Mind like thine affect!
 Beauty's alone the Fount of dear Delight,
 Health of the Soul, and Rapture of the Sight;
 Wheree'er it flows is seen nor Want nor Care,
 But all is Greatness, Glory, Treasure, there:
 Oh, led by me come on to Bliss supreme!
 Drink the sweet Wave of that transmuting Stream;
 Exult in Happiness unknown before,
 And be whate'er thy Heart can wish! and more!

Tho

Tho' 'mongst the sylvan Maids thy Charms inspire
 To melt with Love, and sicken with Desire,
 Some blooming Nymph attract thee o'er the Rest,
 And mutual Fondness flow from Breast to Breast;
 In each tho' tend'rest Sentiments arise,
 And the glad Heart catch Transport from the Eyes,
 Yet judge not Swain, no greater Joys exist;
 Let Fancy try, shou'd Constancy resist.
 As Beauty brightens am'rous Rapture warms,
 And Love expatiates with its Object's Charms;
 'Tis but by Contrast Excellence is known,
 Had *Sol* ne'er blaz'd how fierce had *Cynthia* shone!
 Graces thy warm'd Ideas now approve,
 That lull thy Senses in a Dream of Love,
 To rival, think how Elegance must shine.
 Then wake! ----- and call the pictur'd Charmer thine!
 Of Beauty how the *Grecian* Empire rings!
 The passing Wind th' incessant Paean brings;
 A Thousand Hearts, enamour'd of her Fame,
 Dance to the Melody of *HELEN's* Name:
 Ev'n she, the Majesty of *Sparta's* State,
 Gentle as lovely, and as lovely Great;
 Whose Charms, evincing Royalty their own,
 Illume the Crown, and dignifie the Throne;
 She shall her Diadem, her King desert,
 Proud to hail Thee sole Sov'reign of her Heart!
 When *PARIS* on her panting Bosom lies,
 And Love's soft Lightnings flash from Eyes to Eyes;
 While the fond Soul's of Extacy possess,
 And Each becomes the Blesser and the Bless'd;
 Then will he cry, exulting in his Bliss,
 Cou'd *JUNO*, cou'd *MINERVA*, give me This?
 No. ----- You, ye Kings! who Wealth and Pow'r divide,
 Meteors of State, and Victims of your Pride,
 Look up, and me a greater Monarch own,
HELEN I rule, this Bosom is my Throne!
 Ye mighty Victors! who, when Numbers yield,
 Call blooming Glory from the deathful Field,

Confess,

Confess, did ever Victory equal mine?
 HELEN I conquer'd; HELEN the divine!
 Ye greatly Wise! whom Learning leads astray,
 Dream of the Night, and Phantom of the Day;
 That haunts your Thoughts, retreats as you pursue,
 Defies Attainment, yet illudes the View;
 Oh, trust me Knowledge waits on Love's soft Call!
 Love, the great Origin, the Source of All!
 And while my HELEN shall th' Instructress prove,
 No Science, no Philosophy's, like Love!
 She, She shall teach me all I wish to know,
 While Thought shall picture, and while Heart shall glow!
 Here VENUS paus'd, as for Reply intent:
 But speaking Looks disclos'd the Swain's Assent;
 His Eyes met her's, at ev'ry Glance address,
 The future Paramour his Soul possess;
 Imagination to its Heav'n aspir'd,
 Fancying he glow'd, and glowing he desir'd.
 That Minute, by the Sex conspicuous seen,
 The certain Minute now impuls'd the Queen,
 With magic Truth th' Enchantment to supply,
 And prove the Test of Fancy to the Eye.
 Then thus resum'd the Goddess: ----- Dearest Boy!
 HELEN I've promis'd; her thou shalt enjoy!
 But her own Cause let VENUS now defend,
 Which present Glory, future Fame attend.
 She said. ----- Then all at once her Cest unbound,
 Her purple Vestment flutter'd to the Ground:
 Now Charm on Charm, and Grace on Grace refin'd,
 And Beauty's Sun in full Meridian shin'd!
 The Youth, too weak to bear its dazling Ray,
 In melting Tendernefs, dissolv'd away;
 Scarce flow'd the vital Flood from Vein to Vein;
 Scarce cou'd his Breast his beating Heart contain;
 Scarce cou'd his Sense his Soul's Recess explore;
 'Twas Joy! 'twas Extacy! 'twas Something more!
 At length, Reflection's Calm his Mind reliev'd,
 When soft the Swain to JOVE this Pray'r conceiv'd:

H

Thou

Thou Pow'r! by whose immortal Deeds, this ever liv'd Contest
 This great Decision was refer'd to me: I cannot I cannot
 Who lov'st the *Wrong* to guide, the *Weak* to teach, the *Great* to
 And know'st the Meaning ere it live in Speech
 If this be Error, deign thy just Controll;
 For, Oh, such Magic captivates my Soul,
 That were my Soul the PRIZE it now were giv'n
 Candour! absolve the Delegate of Heav'n!
 Thou QUEEN OF BEAUTY! take th' entitling Gold
 The Mortal yields, nor cou'd a God withhold!
 'Twas done. ——— The lovely VICTRESS held the PRIZE,
 Smil'd on the Boy, then cast her beaming Eyes
 On JUNO, and MINERVA; in whose Look
 The fullen Voice of Disappointment spoke;
 While Self-love, prominent on Envy's Base,
 Condemn'd the JUDGE, to palliate the Disgrace.

Thus off', Oh, RICH! in thy Theatric State,
 Where rescu'd Glory braves the Stroke of Fate,
 Three mimic Goddeses I've known dispute,
 A primal Benefit the golden Fruit:
 Then when the sure Criterion of thy Mind
 To Merit has th' indulgent Night assign'd,
 Pride still has deem'd the Preference its Due;
 Doubting that *Oracle* that breathes in You!

And now tow'rd Heav'n th' immortal Train arise,
 And first the VICTOR-QUEEN ascends the Skies;
 Exultant, shows the radiant Fruit above,
 And fills with gen'ral Joy the Court of JOVE;
 While Eccho through th' expansive Dome replies,
 "How just the Verdict! and the Judge how wise!"
 Then thus, by JOVE's Command, TRUTH spake to Earth:
 "Till varying Seasons cease to wake to Birth,
 Till SOL forget to urge the Car of Day,
 And ancient Night usurp eternal Sway;
 The heav'nly Orbs harmonious Order fly,
 Destruction sieze the Ball, and Nature die,
 Till Then; ye Sexes, shall this Law dispart
 SENSE HONOUR BEAUTY! BEAUTY HONOUR SENSE!

F I N I S